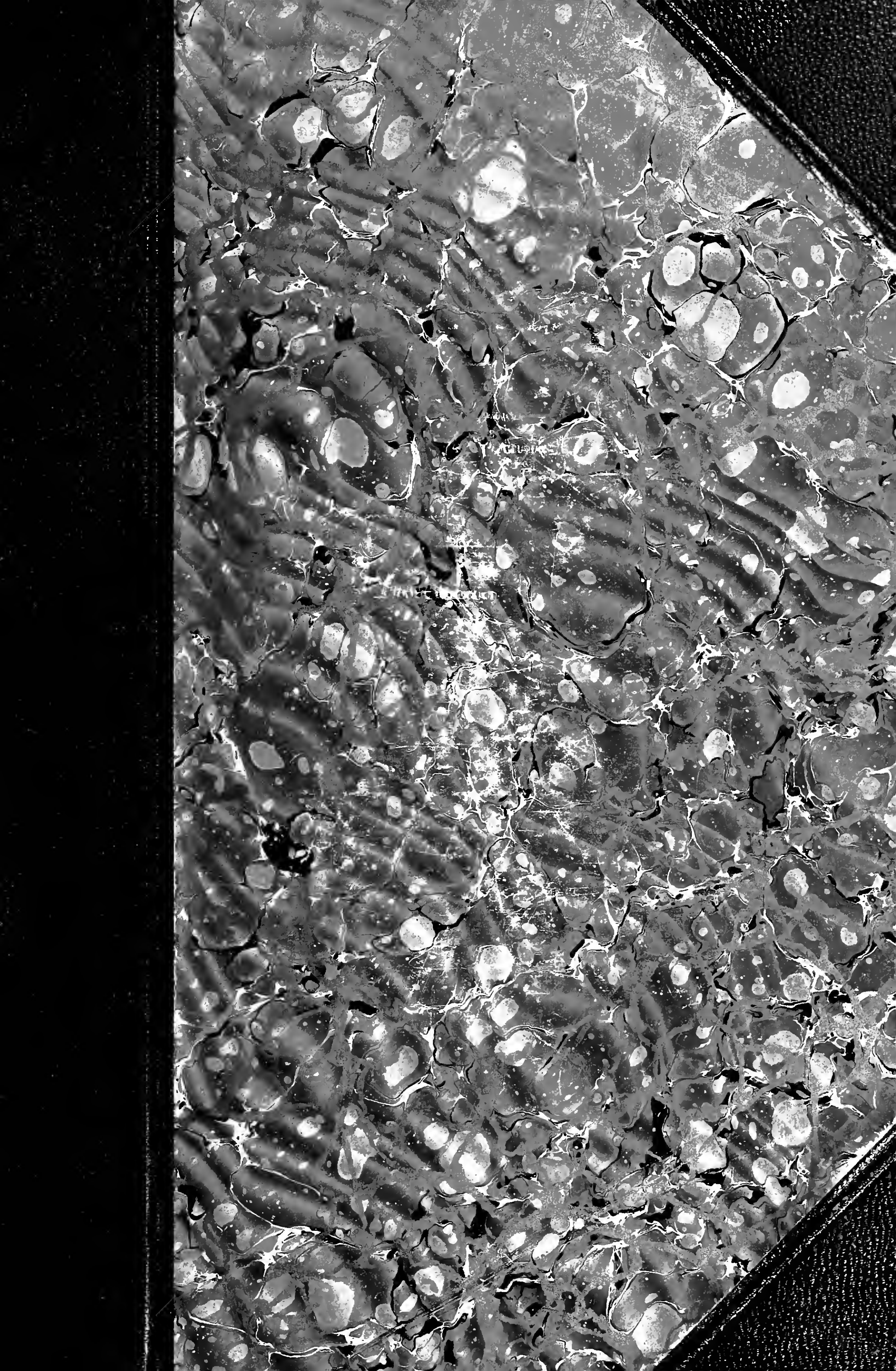

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Spring

May McQueen, '14, Adelphian

'Tis Spring, the joyous season of the year,
When God and man seem drawn more closely near,
And nature, with her thousand voiced praise,
Now joins her hymns with mirthful vernal lays.
The morn in Spring is fresh and pure as pearl;
The twigs their tiny leaves and buds unfurl;
And dews on blades of grass like diamonds shine;
And all the birds in joyous matins chime.
At noon the sun its golden radiance lends,
And down to sleeping buds its warmth now sends.
The fragrance of the season's everywhere;
All earth rejoices that the Spring is here.
The evening comes; the sun sinks low and chill;
The shadows lengthen o'er the distant hill;
The birds sing sweet and clear that all may hear:
'Tis Spring indeed, best season of the year.

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A Study of Robert Browning

Clara Booth Byrd, '13, Cornelian

Perhaps the first and last impression received from a study of Browning is, that he is a poet who sees the whole of life, and sees it clearly; that he is, moreover, a man of strong personality, sympathetic in his attitude toward men of every rank and nation, and confident in the ultimate good of all mankind. To sustain a character so high and so praiseworthy, he must of necessity be profound, searching, quizzical, yet calm, vigorous, and hopeful. We find, therefore, that his poetry lacks the tumultuous heave and throb of Byron; he neither broods like Arnold, nor muses like the gentle Wordsworth; his lines do not pulsate with passion like those of Shelley, or pour themselves out in lilts of rapturous melody like Keats; but he writes with assurance, with studious self-control, and with an absolute personal conviction that belongs to one who looks through and beyond the scheme of things, and beholds the final triumphs of his cause.

It is not the purpose of this paper to study in detail all the characteristics of Browning's poetry, but to discuss, in the first part, a few of his most prominent characteristics, with reference to style, or form, and in the second part, two or three of the chief ideas found in the content, or substance of his poems

If one acquainted with Browning should turn through a volume of his poetry, noting only as he turned, the subject matter of the poems, perhaps his first remark would be, "But Browning is not a poet of England, nor of Englishmen; he is a poet of the world!" To those who are intimately ac-

quainted with him, such an observation produces no surprise. No other poet, with the possible exception of Shakespeare, surpasses, or even equals him, in the variety of his themes. He is so comprehensive, so versatile in his character, so boundless in his outlook upon the world and its various activities, so deep in understanding, and keen in his interpretation of all the subtle and transient moods of human nature, that his poems are like moving pictures, showing sceneries and situations of many countries, giving swift and sudden glimpses into the hearts of the men and women who people them.

He presents us first an Italian duke, discoursing on his last Duchess; and next, a cunning and deceptive society woman, the Spanish Cristina. Now we have a glimpse of French chivalry in Count Gismond, or of Greek philosophy as expressed in Cleon. The next moment we are galloping through the desert with an Arab, or wandering with Karshish through the Holy Land. The scene changes; we sail in Venetian gondolas and witness a drama of passion and of crime, or fly with the Duchess and her servant through the mountains of Moldavia. Again we turn to France, and look with pity at a young hero falling dead at the feet of Napoleon, or gaze with contempt at covetous bishops or unruly monks. We hear musicians playing stately toccatas, or listen to the lament of disappointed painters. We see women of Pornic with gold hair, women of wonderful witchery and charm, women revengeful. We are shown men discontented with the villa, men discontented with the city, men tired of life everywhere —suicides—and a thousand other phases of human nature, with their strange inward conflicts, in the midst of picturesque outward circumstances. He writes, as has been said, "like a citizen of the world", with a shrewd, piercing intelligence, with his eyes fixed on truth.

Leaving now the poet's universality of subject matter, let us consider what is probably the next most salient feature of Browning's work—his economy in the use of words, his condensation, or his "obscureness". That he is often obscure in his meaning, I believe even a sincere lover of Browning will admit. That he does often present us the skein to unravel with the end of the thread concealed, could hardly

be denied. But let me quote in part Mr. Browning's own words in reference to the charge: "I have never designedly tried to puzzle people, as some of my critics have supposed. On the other hand, I never pretended to offer such literature as should be a substitute for a cigar or game of dominoes to an idle man. So perhaps I get my deserts—not a crowd, but a few I value more." Perhaps, then, in the fact that his poetry is a poetry the beauty and truth of which do not disclose themselves, and were not meant to be disclosed, at first glance, lies much of what his critics are pleased to term "obscurity".

But admitting that he is often wilfully too economical with words even for the studious—which could be proved by many illustrations—let us see if we cannot, to a large extent, justify his workmanship in the name of art.

Consider the opening stanza of "Cristina":

"She would never have looked at me if she meant I should not love her!
There are plenty—men—you call such, I suppose—she may discover
All her soul to, if she pleases, and yet leave much as she found them;
But I'm not so, and she knew it when she fixed me, glancing round them."

When these lines are read for the first time, the question rises almost involuntarily to one's lips: "What does it mean—a mere bewilderment of words!" And so it sounds.

It is necessary to stop here for a moment, admitting in the meantime that Browning is obscure, and that he may be partially justified in it, and discuss another phase of his style. The student of Browning early notices that the poet uses almost habitually an instrument of expression which is unique, and largely peculiar to himself—the dramatic monologue. The monologue is not a soliloquy, or a conversing with one's self. It is, however, a speech delivered by one person, in the presence of a silent second person, to whom the first addresses himself. Now, it is a psychological fact that conversation, especially between two persons who are intimately asso-

ciated with each other, is full of ellipses. There is no need to express everything in words. The one often divines, instinctively, let me say, what is in the mind of the other before the words are uttered, and therefore in many cases replies to the unspoken word. There is, moreover, a condensation, an omission of words, which is supplied in conversation by the gesture, by the look, and by the tone of the voice. Again, Browning sometimes allows us to approach and overhear, as it were, in his opening stanza a conversation, or a monologue, that has already commenced. If the reader knew what the speaker has already said to the listener in the poem, much of the obscurity would at once be removed. For instance, in the poem, "Cristina", to which reference was made, suppose the man to be relating to his friend the story of his unrequited love. Preface the stanza with what he has in all probability said: "I went to a ball last night, and the beautiful Cristina was there. She glanced all around the room, and when her eyes fell upon my face, they lingered there, full of love, and I gave her all my heart in return. But—I found that she was only at play with me." The speaker probably divines that his friend is thinking—"But you were foolish to fall in love with a look." And so he replies—and here Browning allows us to hear—but "she should never have looked at me if she meant I should not love her." He divines again, or suppose, as he actually says in the next line, that his friend is thinking—"Why, that is the way she treats every man, and they think nothing of it," and so he speaks aloud—

"There are plenty—men—you call them such (men), I suppose, she may discover
All her soul to, if she pleases, and yet leave much as she found them.
But I'm not so (and you know it), and she knew it when she fixed me, glancing round them."

Again he sees, he will assume, that look of incredulity on his friend's face, which plainly says, "She thought nothing at all about what kind of a man you were when she looked at you." And so the speaker exclaims in the first line of stanza two, "What! to fix me thus meant nothing?" And so on.

Example after example might be enumerated. In "My Last Duchess", especially in the last ten lines, are found excellent illustrations of words spoken in reply to the gesture or the look. Much of "Andrea del Sarto" is written after the same plan. But it is needless to cite others.

Now, Browning recognized all these facts. He kept constantly before him as he wrote the part which the silent person takes. Therefore, is not the fact that he knew how to discriminate and what to omit a direct proof of his consummate skill, of his wonderful craft in the art of poetry-making? Does it not account for much that is subtle and astute in his lines? Could he, with true artistic workmanship, treat the dramatic monologue differently, and is not the obscureness which we have been discussing a partial proof within itself that he is an artist of extraordinary skill? If the reader of Browning will early initiate himself into this scheme of the poet, he will find much of his difficulty relieved. More than that, he will also find, I believe, a charm in the elusiveness of meaning which does not accompany a more pellucid style; and the mental exercise attendant will find its rich reward, not only in the sustaining truths which the poet utters, but also in the admiration experienced at the wonderful mechanical ability displayed.

To go still further into this study of the style of Browning, one early becomes impressed with the fact that he is a poet of individual character. As Wordsworth is the poet of "the very heart of man", so Browning is the poet of the very heart of men. The one sees mankind in the aggregate, working as a whole, moving toward a common goal; the other sees each separate and distinct human being, working in his own special workshop, with his own individual destiny.

If, from a study of this poet, one should have no other truth suggested to him than the great truth of individual existence—an education for the individual, not for the class; a philosophy for the individual, not for the world, and, it may be, a religion for the individual, not for all mankind—he would be well repaid.

Now, if he wished to reveal character vividly, accurately, powerfully, what more fitting method could be employed than

to show the individual struggling through some crisis, where all the good and evil tendencies, all the moral strength and weakness, meet in sharp conflict and contend for the mastery; or where the whole life flashes itself out in some predominating desire or passion; or where the last throw of the dice across the boards reveals in one moment the judgment whole years of habit have made. Look, for instance, at the artist, Pictor Ignotus. Should he, yielding to certain natural impulses and to the demand of the crowd, paint popular themes, thereby submitting his work to the worldly contact and the taint of secular fame, or devote himself to the painting of pure but monotonous sacred themes, which would never pass beyond the protecting portals of the church? He chose the latter. We do not need to be told that Pictor Ignotus was high-souled, sensitive, chaste. The result of the conflict reveals it. Again, watch the "dainty little demon" in "The Laboratory", chatting gaily to the scientist while he grinds away at the powder with which she is to poison her rival. We know at once that she is cruelly jealous, revengeful, scheming—bewitching, perhaps. We know it by the passion that prompts her action.

The individual, it will be admitted, understands his own heart better than any one else can understand it. He can interpret more accurately than anyone else his own experiences—the things that tempt, the motives that control, the hate that rankles, the loves and desires. In a word, the individual can tell of the crises in his life, and in so doing, portray his character better than any one else can do it. Is it not, then, a further proof of Browning's nimble and far-sighted skill that he allows this to be done in the dramatic monologue?

Therefore, let us retrace our steps—let us summarize reversely our study of the chief characteristics of Browning's style. He is a poet of individual character, varying from the simplest, as expressed in the song beginning, "Nay, but you who do not love her," to the most complex, as shown in "The Bishop Orders His Tomb". In order to reveal character accurately, he uses the dramatic monologue, in which the person relates his own experiences to one or more silent listeners. The very nature of the monologue demands an

economy of words, which, in turn, produces much, though not all, of Browning's obscureness. And, let me add, the fact that he is a poet of mankind leads him to use such a variety of themes as to make him indeed a ''poet of the world''.

Having discussed the framework, or style, of Browning's poetry, we shall now pass within and study the two principal ideas which are found in the content, or substance, of his poems. The first of these is his treatment of love. Browning is, primarily, an analyst of the emotion. He looks at love through a prism, separates and names every phase of it, and describes them all. He shows us purely selfish love in the attitude of the Duke toward his last Duchess; unrequited love in Cristina; chivalrous love in Count Gismond, who kills the slanderer of a woman; there is love chagrined and discomfited in ''A Serenade at the Villa,'' where the lover sings in vain to his lady; there is love that might have been in ''Youth and Art'', patriotic love in an ''Incident of the French Camp,'' where the boy soldier lays down his life for his country; there is love estranged in a ''Lover's Quarrel''. In ''By the Fireside,'' love is matured and retrospective upon a happy past; in ''A Woman's Last Word,'' love is submissive, but unconvinced. The green glare of revenge envelopes it, in ''In the Laboratory''; hear it doting in ''Nay but you who do not love her,'' and half-beseeching in ''Andrea del Sarto''. And we might continue indefinitely this laboratory method of analysis.

But it is of love as the consuming passion that we wish most to write. Browning early tells us that love is the supreme purpose of life—that it is its sole and single purpose, to stop for a little season in this love-way on earth and mingle our soul with some other's. Over and over again he reiterates the thought, over and over again his fingers strike this chord:

> ''Flower o' the broom,
> Take away love, and our earth is a tomb.''

How empty is life, urges the poet, if, as we pass along the highway, we become so absorbed in the quest for knowledge—so intent upon gazing at the stars, so attentive to the music of all singing things beside the way, so lost in wonder

at the beauty of the landscape—how vain is life if, in our zeal for learning, we pass by love on the way, and do not know her. Though man may "demolish Gibson" with his sculpture, though woman may "embitter Grisi's existence" with her singing, each life, apart, is unfulfilled:

> "It hangs still, patchy and scrappy.
> They have not sighed deep, laughed free,
> Starved, feasted, despaired, been happy."

To Browning, a life spent in winning fame, honor, wealth, or position, to the exclusion of love, is a life spent in vain If there is no voice of love singing sweetly in the darkness, if there are no eyes of love looking up into ours in the morning, if there is no hand of love falling gently upon ours at the noon-tide, or face of love blossoming with gladness at the evening, if there is no soul of love to cast on ours "its light of the pure and true, the beauteous and the right"—"flower o' the broom, earth is a tomb!" Look at this picture. The quiet end of evening smiles miles and miles over the ruins of a once populous city. Years ago, all the mountains were topped with temples, all the glades with colonnades. There were scores of causeways, bridges and aqueducts. Men swarmed in multitudes everywhere. And a king ruled over this city, who thirsted only for war and glory. In one year he sent a million fighters forth south and north who slew and conquered as they marched, and still a multitude was left behind. Magnificence and pomp surrounded everything. Proud of their prowess, they built to their gods a brazen pillar as high as the sky. And the king squandered his whole life for this. But the city crumbled—grass is growing now where once lay the streets; and amid the ruins still remaining, a girl with eager eyes and yellow hair stands where the king once stood, waiting for him whom she loves. When he comes, she cannot speak in the fullness of her joy, but she will stand a little while with either hand on his shoulder, looking up into his face:

> "Before they rush, before they extinguish
> Sight and speech in their embrace."

Shut in the king, says Browning, with his pomp and power;

shut them all in with their triumphs and their glories. Their victories are but a name. Their city lies in ruins. But love endures; "love is best!"

Can one do his best work without love? We hear the voice of Andrea del Sarto, as he pleads with his faithless wife for just one evening of her companionship. The contempt that is felt for the dishonesty and vacillating weakness of del Sarto is lost in pity for his lot. He is wedded to a woman who does not understand or care to understand his art. Though he is talented, more talented than any living artist, though he is a master of coloring, invention, and design, his painting lacks that which will place it among the immortals—ardor and aspiration—soul. It is lacking in this quality because of a certain mental timidity, a certain want of natural force, which needs to be supplied by an all-sustaining love. But he has no one to urge, no one to stimulate, no one to steal within his heart and give a sweet approval, and so he fails immeasurably of what he might have been. "Had you, my love, but urged me upward to glory and to God, I might have gained a place beside Raphael and Angelo. I might have done it for you." But unmoved by his entreaty she passes out, and he again is left alone.

Is love worth dying for? Let Browning answer. Two Venetian lovers glide along through the darkness in their gondola. The shadow of fate is brooding over them, for their attachment has been forbidden, and they are stealing at great peril this hour with each other. They glide on, past lighted houses, and palaces, every window ablaze with light, where hundreds of guests are mingled. Though conscious that they may be pursued, still, in a spirit of insouciance, they sing and muse and speak alternately—"sending up their hearts" to each other, pouring out their love for each other, recalling how it began, the room where it was first expressed, the pictures, the furniture, the balcony. But interlaced through all their gaiety is the fear of approaching danger. At last they are nearing home. A moment of exuberance takes possession of them in the thought that they have, after all, escaped detection. They begin to plan where and how they shall meet again. They step upon the shore, and once more before they

part, "heart to heart and lips to lips" they stand. When—a cry—he is surprised and stabbed. What does the lover say about the love which was purchased with his life?

> "It was ordained to be so, sweet!
> Care not for the cowards.
> The Three I do not scorn
> To death, because they never lived; but I
> Have lived indeed, and so can die!"

To Browning, love is everything. It is the overruling purpose of life. Without it, nothing else brings happiness. It is that which stimulates one to his highest development; it is better even to have loved and died than never to have loved at all.

We come now to a study of the second great idea found in the content of Browning's poetry, the characteristic which, more than any other, has endeared him to the heart of the world, and which runs like shining threads of gold through all his poems—I mean his indomitable optimism. It is not enough merely to say of a man, "He is an optimist," and accept the statement as a truth that can be relied upon or from which comfort can be drawn. The value of a man's optimism, both in relation to himself and to others, depends upon his accurate knowledge of the evils existing in the world. Any man can say, "This is a good world," so long as the tide of prosperity is sweeping in his direction, or so long as he sees only the smiling face of things. Yet what power has this to sustain either himself in a crucial hour, or men and women who are sick and weary-hearted and heavy-laden? But the man who has shot his last arrow and missed the mark, who has lost his all, and stands among the ruins, or who walks in the very midst of misery and crime, and yet declares, "The world is good," has found hidden somewhere in the heart of things a hope which will comfort and sustain him and all others in every hour of need.

Browning, as has been shown, was a man intimate with the hearts of men of all types and nations. He did not shun the universal crowd. He loved it, and mingled with it. He knew, therefore, better than any other man, perhaps, the pain

and suffering that fill the world. And yet, though he tells us unflinchingly about it all without softening for one moment a single dark detail, his voice to the end is a voice militant, a voice ringing with hope. Over and over again we hear him saying: "I know the way is dark, but—press on—it leads to light. I know the struggle is fierce, but—courage—love guides us and God is waiting." He is like a man who stands upon a hill outside the city gate. He looks down upon that city and sees its smoke, its moil, its grime, and hears its din. He knows that there is sorrow in that city—he has shared it himself; that wrong and crime are there—he has investigated for himself. He knows, too, that the tug and pull and strain of life is fierce. He can feel it even now. But he looks around him. Winter with its snow and ice is gone—and "the year's at the spring". Day has broken clear and fair over the earth—"the morning's at seven". The green sides of the hill are overpearled with dew. Yonder, the lark wings up and away in its joy. Over there, a snail rests in peace on the thorn. He sees it all. His full heart wells up within him, and his lips burst into a glad pæon of songs—

> "God's in his heaven—
> All's right with the world!"

If Browning could have such an intimate acquaintance with the world and yet be optimistic, we know that his optimism is one worthy of the name, and one that can be accepted without a question. Nevertheless, though we follow him unhesitatingly, let us see if we can find out the secret that he discovered hidden away in the heart of things. What is the peace, let us ask, that moves in the center of the storm? He has but one name for it, and that name is—God.

> "Therefore, to whom turn I but to Thee the ineffable Name!
> Builder and maker, Thou, of houses not made with hands."

Browning never once questions the strength of that upon which he leans. He never doubts for one moment the existence of God, his personal direction of the life of every human being, and his reward in heaven for service bravely rendered. He believes these things firmly, and upon them he bases his faith. He knows that every one must suffer; but he believes

also that God, who made us, will use that suffering for our ultimate good. He looks ahead, and sees the end—the spirit made more gentle, the sympathies more acute, the heart softer—the whole man or woman evolved through suffering to a more perfect creature. He recognizes that there are terrible obstacles to be faced; but again he looks beyond, and sees the will indomitable, the character strong and invincible, that is built by him who overcomes. And so he tells us to

"Welcome each rebuff
That turns earth's smoothness rough,
Each sting that bids nor sit nor stand but go!
Be your joys three-parts pain!
Strive, and hold cheap the strain;
Learn, nor account the pang; dare, never grudge the throe."

He hears people lament. They have worked patiently for years, they say, with small reward; or have devoted themselves heart and soul, to the working out of some plan, never half-completed. And what does he say to them? With his mind fixed on a life that is to be, he replies:

"There shall never be one lost good.
What was shall live as before.
The evil is null, is naught, is silence implying sound;
What was good, shall be good, with for evil, so much good more.
On the earth, the broken arcs; in the heaven, the perfect round."

And, he continues:

"All we have willed or hoped or dreamed of good shall exist."

But, continue they, we have studied, toiled and striven, for a more perfect life; we have labored earnestly to do the things that are worth while and enduring; we have aspired far beyond the common round; but we have attained only the commonplace. Again his voice is heard, clear and vibrant:

"What is our failure here but a triumph's evidence
For the fullness of the days?
The high that proved too high, the heroic for earth too hard,

> The passion that left the ground to lose itself in the sky,
> Are music sent up to God by the lover and the bard.
> Enough that He heard it once; we shall hear it by and by."

That we can never be perfect here, that we neither can nor ought to be content on earth, but that we shall be fully satisfied hereafter, is the comfort that he brings, for the failures of earth prove the victories beyond. He is content to work here, to encourage all, and to wait for the revelations of eternity.

For Browning, there is no such thing as despair. Not even broken trust can leave him heavy-hearted. The "Lost Leader", who forsook the great cause of progress "just for a handful of silver", may never be received again by his comrades without doubt, hesitation and pain; but the estrangement on earth will not outlast earth. When heaven is reached, he shall be pardoned, first by the throne.

Not even love that never can be fulfilled disheartens him. Beautiful Evelyn Hope lies dead, and he who loved and cherished her in the secret of his heart, sits watching by her side through the night. She was hardly more than a child, and he, three times as old, had gone silently along his way, waiting until she should reach womanhood to express his love to her. He had dreamed of her in the quietness of the night. He had watched proudly the unfolding of her young life. He had treasured in his heart the memory of her wonderful beauty—the richness of her amber hair, her rosy mouth. He had cherished unknown to the world the thought of her "body and soul, so pure and gay." He had lived for her, and he was building all his future on his hopes of her. But there she lies tonight, dead, wholly unconscious of it all! Surely Browning can shed no light into this darkened life, or offer comfort to the empty heart. But he believes that God never made love that did not find its complement. He believes, too, in heaven. And heaven is the land of fulfilled desires—where all the tangled threads of life shall be smoothed out; where what we yearned for here, but were denied, shall be received. Remembering this, though his voice may be tremulous with emotion, yet the words he speaks are words of hope:

"—— God above
Is great to grant as mighty to make,
And creates the love to reward the love:
I claim you still for my own love's sake!
Delayed it may be for more lives yet,
Through worlds I shall traverse, not a few;
Much is to learn, much to forget
Ere the time be come for taking you."

"But the time will come, at last it will."

In the meantime, he shall give himself up to the service of men, and the acquiring of knowledge. He shall "ransack the ages, spoil the climes," gain everything, missing only her. So he places a leaf within her cold hand, comforted in the thought that when she wakes, she will remember and understand—and wait.

Not even in the presence of crime, for which neither theology nor the law offers the slightest extenuation, is his soul cast down. He stands in the morgue in Paris—"the deadhouse where you show your dead". Three suicides, who have been fished out of the river, lie exposed. It is a ghastly sight, and the cheeks of those who stand by are white. Browning gazes unflinchingly upon the faces of the dead and reflects upon their lives. One was ambitious, but his ambition could not be achieved. Why endure a disappointed life? One felt the hot blood of socialism course through his veins. He could not exercise his power. Why live longer? One, for the sake of lust, lost his all at the gambler's table. He, too, died. What can Browning say in the face of such defiance, such hopelessness, and such despair? We can almost hear him speaking: God made them. Will the great potter, who fashioned the vessel, crush it because it stands awry, crooked, and misshapen? God is mercy—he leans upon the thought. Therefore, "I thought and think, their sin's atoned." His voice, softened with pity, and reverence, and calm with assurance, goes on:

"My own hope is, a sun will pierce
The thickest cloud earth ever stretched;
That after Last, returns the First,
Though a wide compass round be fetched;

That what began best can't end worst,
Nor what God blessed once prove accurst."

Not even old age discourages him. He does not lament the decay of the body or the enfeebling of the mind; but as he steps westward towards the setting sun, he sends back a challenge, brave and bold:

"Grow old along with me!
The best is yet to be.
The last of life for which the first was made.
Our times are in His hand,
Who saith, 'A whole I planned.'
Youth shows but half; trust God; see all, nor be afraid!"

In his essay on "The Study of Poetry", Matthew Arnold makes the prophecy that more and more mankind will discover that we have to turn to poetry to interpret life for us, to console us, to sustain us After reading the poetry of Robert Browning, who can refrain from saying, I have found there consolation and sustaining power? Let us, then, lean on the faith of him, who was able to look through all the dreary interval of folly, darkness, and misery, and teach that the world God blessed in the beginning will roll around into light at last; and when His purpose is complete, there will be a new heaven and a new earth, wherein there shall be peace.

With his boundless outlook upon life and his personal knowledge of its many activities, Browning has presented more types of character, with probably one exception, than any poet who ever lived Though he is often obscure in his meaning, owing in a large degree to the peculiar method of expression which he almost habitually employs, yet his association is sought and loved by those who are of a studious and inquiring mind. He has lived close to the heart of men, close to the heart of the world, and he writes of what he sees with truthfulness that is unsparing But though he has such an intimate knowledge of the misery and crime that exists, yet he sees love always hovering over us; and amid the hurly-burly, amid the clash of life, he always hears the chord triumphant, the

prophecy of peace eternal that is yet to be. He lays a cooling touch upon the fevered heart of the world and speaks aloud: "Look not thou down, but up!" Let the voice of him who can bring to mankind a solace that will not fail, be heard forever. It will be heard forever.

Sonnet

Margaret Sparger, '14, Adelphian

How brightly o'er the lake's white shim'ring breast
The morning sun doth smile, and drive the frown
Of night away! and hark! how all adown
The vale, the birds salute this day so blest.
How softly o'er the mountain's rugged crest
The summer sun at eventide sinks down!
His radiance over all the hills a crown
Of light doth cast; they stand in glory drest.
And what the message that the small birds sing?
And in the murmur of the silvery lake
What truth's proclaimed? The morning sun doth bring
What word unto mankind? The mountains ring
With what glad song? A joyful noise they make;
"O, praise the Lord, ye earth; the Lord is king."

Aunt Mandy's Daniel Webster

Julia M. Canaday, '15, Cornelian

The swarm of little darkeys filed out of the one-room log school house and started in different crowds down the country lanes toward their respective homes. In one of these crowds was Daniel Webster with his shoulders thrown back and his head high in the air, as if he owned all the world. Daniel was a strangely silent, unassuming boy of about twelve years of age. He seemed to be afflicted with a chronic toothache or earache, for he was never seen without a white rag tied up over his ears which gave him the appearance of an aged rabbit. Today the white rag had even been removed! What could possibly have come over him? The smaller youngsters among the crowd regarded him out of the corners of their big black eyes with a feeling of awe and admiration, mingled with envy. One of them timidly volunteered to "tote" his booksack for him; another his dinner pail and slate; and still another gave him a stick of red "streaked" candy. Those who found no way in which to lighten his burden, and had nothing to donate to him, discussed among themselves some way in which they, too, might pay due reverence to his majesty. The larger boys, however, looked on these proceedings and the unusual behavior of Daniel Webster with contempt and disgust They didn't see that "Dan'l Webster had any 'casion ter be so terribly sot up". Daniel paid no attention to their contempt nor to the numerous pranks which they attempted to play on him. His whole expression was one of exaltation, and his bearing one of exceeding dignity.

There was to be a "school-break" at the little log school house four weeks hence, and one feature of the "school-break" was to be a declamatory contest between five boys. The "school marm" had chosen for this contest the five boys whom she thought most competent. What was Daniel's surprise on this day to learn that he had been chosen as one of the honored five! It was no wonder that his mind was in such a state of complete happiness and exaltation. Wouldn't "mammy" be

proud of him! She must not know it yet, though. He would keep it a secret from her until the day that she would hear him make his speech and—perhaps win the prize! As he drew nearer home, though, he found it a greater task to keep his resolution than he had conjectured; for when he saw "mammy" standing in the doorway of her cabin, her hands on her hips, awaiting his return, as usual, his first impulse was to run to her, throw his arms around her neck, and tell her all about it. But the thought of his late resolution checked him just in time. So greatly were his thoughts occupied with this one subject that even the delicious odor of Aunt Mandy's roasting potatoes could not bring him to his usual frame of mind. In fact, he was so absent-minded and had such little appetite for supper that Aunt Mandy concluded that "too much edication warn't good fer Dan'l Webster, 'case it wuz makin' him po'ly". This opinion was strengthened each day, for Daniel's appetite continued poor and his absent-mindedness more apparent. She kept telling herself that "'twuz a good thing school wuz nearly out 'case Dan'l Webster sho' couldn't stand much more edication". Little did she dream that every night, after her loud snoring had convinced Daniel that she was asleep, this undutiful boy of hers sat on the edge of his straw mattress in his little shed room, studying the all-important speech until late in the night. Ignorant of all this she continued to dose him with all sorts of bitters and herb teas, Daniel heroically enduring this martyrdom with not a word of complaint.

If Daniel's recent elation had not tended to increase his popularity among his own sex, it had, nevertheless, raised him considerably in the estimation of the females of his acquaintance. In fact, such a favorable impression had it made upon their minds that Daniel had been invited to "Miss Ca'line's" party which was to take place the night before the eventful day of the "school-break". "Miss Ca'line" had an organ, a silk dress, and consequently, a host of admirers. So it was considered a great honor to be invited to one of her parties. Aunt Mandy realized the importance of the gala occasion no less than Daniel; so when the day on which it was to take place that night arrived, she had made great preparations.

When Daniel hurried home from school that afternoon in order to have ample time to ''tote'' in the wood and take ''Massa Livingston's'' laundry to him before dressing himself, he found everything in readiness. So anxious was he to array himself in his finery that, after much persuasion, he finally gained Aunt Mandy's consent to do so before carrying the gentleman's laundry. So effective was the vigorous application of lye soap and hot water, that when it was finished he resembled a piece of highly polished furniture more than anything else. Aunt Mandy regarded the fruit of her labor with great admiration.

''Now who ever seed a cleaner or shinier boy?'' she asked over and over again. His only Sunday shirt, a big-striped calico, had been starched as stiff as pasteboard, and his brogan shoes polished until it was hard to tell which shone more—they or his face. When his ''borried'' collar was fastened, however, his patience was tried sorely, for he very soon learned that its height and size would permit him to turn his head neither to the right nor left. A long, rusty, black Prince Albert coat which had been donated by ''Massa Livingston'' matched his rusty black trousers to perfection. The latter, although they had a marked propensity for bagging at the knees, had been so carefully pressed by Aunt Mandy that even Daniel declared them ''tip-top''. A glaring red necktie and a tall derby hat—another donation from ''Massa Livingston''—added further to his elaborate toilet. When Aunt Mandy's heirloom, a huge brass breast pin, had been adjusted in his necktie and a new red bandanna handkerchief put in his pocket, both of them considered the toilet complete. Aunt Mandy viewed her only begotten child with great motherly pride. Surely he would be ''the finest dressed of anybody at Miss Ca'line's party!''

The toilet being complete, he was at last started off on his errand with many precautions as to his own apparel and that of the gentleman. The first part of the journey was traveled in safety, notwithstanding the fact of his mind's being so greatly occupied with thoughts of the great events of tomorrow and tonight. Wouldn't ''mammy'' be proud of him tomorrow, and wouldn't ''Miss Ca'line'' and all the other ''gals'' admire

him tonight? Besides, Miss Ca'line would be sure to have some refreshments. He was gravely weighing the relative merits of red lemonade and "'lasses" candy when——

At the foot of the hill on which Aunt Mandy's cabin stood was the only muddy place on Daniel's route. Just as he had reached the bottom of the hill in safety his feet slipped from under him and down he went into the mud. It was bad enough for his own apparel but alas for those shining collars and cuffs! What would mammy do? A good, sound thrashing and probably something worse would be his punishment. It was too bad! He picked up the once spotless collars and cuffs—now all bespattered with mud—and carefully replaced them in the basket. What could he do? He was afraid to face the young gentleman, but he was still more afraid to face mammy. Finally he decided to risk facing the former.

"Massa" Livingston was seated on his wide veranda reading when, as he happened to look up from his paper, he saw a long Prince Albert coat and a tall derby hat coming down the road toward the house. As these articles of clothing drew nearer, he discovered that they surmounted a loose, baggy pair of trousers, almost covered with mud, and a pair of muddy brogan shoes. Presently he discovered that all of these were accompanied by a humble and muddy little darky, in the person of Daniel Webster. He could not refrain from breaking into a loud roar of laughter when Daniel finally stood before him. Noticing that he had his hands behind him, though, he at last found voice to ask:

"What have you behind you, Daniel? And where is my laundry?" Daniel's hands forthwith came from behind him, and with them the basket of soiled collars and cuffs.

"How did this come about, you little vagabond?" he exclaimed angrily. "Take them back to your mother to wash, and don't you dare ever bring such looking things to me again!"

Slowly Daniel trudged on his way again—but not toward home. What could he do? As he walked on a few steps he decided on what seemed to him, the only expedient plan of action. He would go to the home of his best school chum, who lived only a little way up the road, and seek his advice and

sympathy. Having made up his mind to this effect, he set out at such a rapid gait that in a few minutes he had reached his destination. He received even more sympathy than he had expected, and was advised to spend the night, brush the mud off his clothes, and go to the party with his chum who was also invited. So tempting was this advice that Daniel yielded, regardless of the final consequences. His one thought now was to evade the present calamity.

Meanwhile Aunt Mandy had begun to grow restless at Daniel's delay in returning home Finally dark came on and still no signs of him. When it grew darker and darker and a terrible storm came up her anxiety became intense. All night long, as the rain beat against the little cabin, she tossed on her bed and moaned pitifully for her lost boy. When morning came and still no Daniel to be seen, she was almost crazed after her night of sleeplessness and fear. From house to house she went enquiring for news of him, but no one could give her any satisfactory information. She was now desperate. There was one house in the neighborhood to which she had not been to enquire, and that was the place at which Daniel had spent the night.

Aunt Mandy had had a terrible dispute with Aunt Polly, the mother of Daniel's best chum, a few days ago over some trifling matter. The outcome of it was that each had vowed never to speak to the other again.

Anxiety for her boy at last conquered the pride in Aunt Mandy's old heart, though. So as a last resort she made her way there. In a few sharp words from Aunt Polly she learned of Daniel's accident with the laundry and of his actually spending the night at the home of her sworn enemy. Her anger now became almost as great as her fear had formerly been. On learning that he had already gone on to the school house, she rushed on there, intending to drag home the prodigal and administer such punishment as his crime justly deserved. When she rushed into the school room breathless and bonnetless, what was her surprise to find a large crowd assembled there! She had even forgotten that this was the day of the "school-break". She grew more and more angry with Daniel as she thought of how he had caused her to

disgrace herself by rushing into the crowded room in such a manner. On the opposite side of the room sat Daniel, looking extremely important in his uncomfortably high collar and Prince Albert coat. Finally when she caught his eye she gave him a foreboding look of which he well knew the meaning.

At last the exercises began with the important contest; but neither the eloquence of the speakers nor the great applause of the audience had any effect on Aunt Mandy. The teacher arose to announce the last on the program. What was Aunt Mandy's surprise when she announced a speech by her own Daniel Webster! It could not be possible! In a second, she was all interest and attention. Then Daniel mounted the stage and in a surprisingly easy and confident manner began, "The Boy Stood on the Burning Deck". In fact, so eloquently did he show forth the unrivalled bravery of his hero, that when he had finished, the little log room fairly shook with applause. Aunt Mandy, dazed and unable to comprehend the meaning of all this, received the congratulations of her friends. But what was her amazement when the judges had rendered their decision, to see Daniel mount the platform to receive the prize. As he stood there listening to the speech of presentation by the teacher, he chanced to catch a glimpse of Aunt Mandy's beaming face, which plainly told him that he needn't be afraid to carry home worse things than mud-spattered collars and cuffs. When she finally reached him and had him in her embrace, she promised him anything he might ask for.

"Red lemonade an' 'lasses candy, mammy, lak what I had at Miss Ca'line's party last night," he replied, "but first lemme go an' git dat basket whut's got Massa Livin'ston's collars an' cuffs in it." He was now "Daniel Webster" in deed, as well as in name.

To March

Pattie Groves, '14, Cornelian

As glad new year with joy rings out the old,
And stirs in every bosom love and cheer,
And turns men's minds from thoughts of bitter cold,
And keeps their lonely hearts from being drear;
Just so comes March, the herald of bright Spring,
Awaited long by sleeping buds and flowers,
By blue birds gay, who now with gladness sing
Of all the future prosperous days and hours.
And just as March brings spring to every heart,
So may we if our thoughts are pure and free
From selfishness, if we but do our part,
Bring joy and hope and love that men may see
That one soul 'mid earth's failures and its tears,
Still mingles hope and blessings with her fears.

A Good Samaritan of Color

Annie Beam, '16, Adelphian

Some people idly think that there was never but *one* Good Samaritan. This is utterly false. Every day, somebody, although his praises are unsung, acts this role well.

Last summer I was one of a camping party at the ruins of McBrayer Springs, once a famous health resort. Roger Bateman, also, was of the party. To those who know him this seems almost ridiculous, to think of Roger Bateman, the personification of feminine nicety, condescending to be one of a camping party.

Well, Roger was in the crowd. He had an individual tent of his own; really, it was a necessity for him. Now this Roger didn't have a monopoly on the name Roger; the only servant in the crowd, the man-of-all-jobs went by the cognomen Roger. The Roger, first mentioned, urged some distinction to be made for the simple reason that he was tired of answering to the summons, "Roger, bring us some cool water. Step lively now!" So to avoid embarrassment, we called him "White Roger".

For more than a week we had been looking forward with much pleasure, to our proposed fishing trip, at which occasion another party of campers was to join us. Among this latter party was a certain lady-queen, an additional incentive to Roger's diligent, personal care.

On the day set, everybody was up early, preparing to set out. At breakfast there was a vacancy, which as investigation proved, was due to White Roger's absence.

Roger was sent immediately to learn the cause of it. When he returned, it was with a somewhat terror-stricken face that he gave this report: "Lordy, mussy, Mr. White Roger done sittin' up thar in the bed, jest a rarin' and a snortin' and a kickin' like a guberment mule!"

"What's the matter with him?" asked one and all.

"He done lost his shoes; says he done even took up the tent poles huntin' fer 'em, but 'taint no use."

His words were found to be true. Roger's predicament even bordered on the pitiful. Not a man in camp had an extra pair of shoes. There he sat, *he,* Roger Bateman, known by all, to be, of all men, the most exact and particular in regard to dress, unspeakably miserable because he'd lost his shoes.

Nobody noticed that Roger quietly left White Roger's tent where we had all gathered. In a few minutes he returned, carrying his rough brogans in his hands, and said, as he handed them to White Roger, "I 'lowed as how I could go barefooted better 'en you."

The certain man on the road between Jericho and Jerusalem could not have been more thankful to his Good Samaritan than was White Roger to Roger, Sub.

Isaac Erwin Avery

Edith Calvert Avery, '15, Adelphian

Isaac Erwin Avery was born at Swan Ponds, near Morganton, in December, 1871. His parents moved to Morganton during his early boyhood, and so he received his education at the academy of Morganton, which was taught by Rev. John Gilmer. Here it was that he formed a friendship with the Rev. Plato Durham, which continued to be a strong and beautiful friendship throughout his life. Even in these days he showed marked talent for writing—particularly for writing compositions of the humorous kind. As an illustration, his older brother had received a watch and was showing it very proudly to his schoolmates. Erwin, as he was called, took it all in with a twinkle of his eye, and proceeded, the next day, to read a composition entitled, "A Boy With His First Watch," the delicate humor of which was almost too much for his brother.

At sixteen he was fully prepared to enter college, but preferred to remain at home for a time. It was not till he was nineteen that he entered Trinity College, where his father was dean of the law department. While in college, he gained experience in writing as editor of the Trinity Archive. It was during his college career, too, that he received ten dollars for a contribution to Town Topics, the first money he had ever received for any of his writing.

After leaving college, Mr. Avery thought of entering upon a career in the law, for he had obtained a license in 1893. However, he decided to accept Mr. W. C. Erwin's offer of a position as associate editor of the Morganton Herald. Mr. Avery's articles in this paper attracted quite a deal of attention. One of his first articles to attract notice was one which told, in an exceedingly humorous manner, the story of an old country woman who had dreamed that some of her kinsmen had left gold buried on her farm and who set about digging up her whole farm to find the gold. It is said that the laugh that went all over the countryside so angered the old

lady that she came into town and interviewed Mr. Avery on the subject. The result was that Mr. Avery wrote another article even more humorous than the first, denying that the old lady had ever "dreamt a dream", and the community again rocked in glee.

In the beginning of the year 1894, Mr. Avery left for China as Secretary to the Consul-General at Shanghai, Mr. Jernigan, of Raleigh. He soon became vice consul-general which appointment he held till 1898, when a new consul-general was appointed. While in China, Mr. Avery wrote for the leading English daily, the North China Daily, and for a while was correspondent for papers of this country. It is needless to say that Mr. Avery, while in China, acquired a vast amount of knowledge of men and the world, which aided him greatly in his later career. His letters home at this time were of a most interesting nature.

On his return to his native state, Mr. Avery came to Greensboro and during the year 1899 ran a news bureau. It was not till January 1, 1900, that he became city editor of the Charlotte Observer, which position he held till his death. Here Mr. Avery formed two friendships, one with Mr. Caldwell, editor of the Observer, and one with John Charles McNeill. Before John Charles McNeill's death and after that of Mr. Avery, Mr. McNeill was in Morganton to report some convention. Said he at that time, "Erwin Avery was a man whom *we all* loved." There is a testimony of the affection Mr. Avery had for Mr. Caldwell in the dedication on the first page of Mr. Avery's "Idle Comments".

On April 2, 1904, when the news of Mr. Avery's death flashed over the state, there was sorrow and gloom in the hearts of his many friends. They all felt that a singularly gifted and lovable friend had passed away; and they sorrowed. So on a beautiful Sunday morning they laid him away under masses of violets—the flowers he loved so well. He had gone into "a land of quiet, restful beauty, where the laugh of a child is the harshest note of joy, and where violets, forever clean and wet with the dew-mist, rustle softly in the eternal breath of peace—purity."

At the time of his death, Mr. Avery was considered one

of the leading reporters of the south, and one of whom much more brilliant work might be expected. Much of his work is worthy of being preserved, but his reputation as a writer rests chiefly upon the terse comments on men and affairs which appeared in a column of the Observer called *a variety of Idle Comments.* In Mr. Avery's home town, there were many who on receiving their Charlotte Observer, turned immediately to the paragraphs of Idle Comment—and there were many all over the state and even outside the state who did the same. Said a northern lady in one of Asheville's hospitals, "I do not know any of the people of whom Mr. Avery wrote, but I feel as if I know them. He must have *understood* so well." And this just expresses it, he *understood.*

The Organ

Inez Honrine, '15, Adelphian

The melody of music through the vast cathedral rings;
  In sorrowing human hearts a song of gladness springs.
The clouds of yesterday are rifted by the sound,
  The heavens of tomorrow with rainbows now are bound,
As sweet harmonious tones soft whisper in the ear,
  "O worship Christ, my soul, for He is present here."

Old Brunswick

Annie May Woodside, '14, Cornelian

When the boat stops and the visitor gets off upon a rickety old wharf and makes his way up a hill to the place where he is told Brunswick once stood, he can only look around in astonishment. Is it possible that this is the place that in 1725 was laid out by Maurice Moore? Where stood the market-house, the courthouse, and the other public buildings? The only traces of habitation are the ruins of Old St. Philip's Church and a few grave stones.

In colonial days Brunswick for a time flourished, and while its population was never more than four hundred whites, yet these, for the most part, were refined and cultured people. Brunswick was the home of many wealthy planters whose fame for hospitality went abroad among the province. Cornelius Harnett, the father of the noted Cornelius Harnett, lived at this place and it was here that the well-known figure in our history spent his youth. Among other distinguished men who lived here were General Robert Howe, General James Moore, Judge Alfred Moore, and Governor Benjamin Smith. The homes of these planters, which were once famed for hospitality, have long since fallen into ruins, and not even a trace of them remains. The dogwood and the pine cover the site of many of these old colonial homes.

The visitor fails to recognize the once flourishing town. The busy streets are now overgrown with tangled thickets. The old grave stones are the only things that really give us facts of the people who in colonial days lived in this borough. Some of the inscriptions on the old stones are scarcely legible. A few of them are lying broken on the ground. It is said that in 1865 the northern soldiers caused most of this ruin and it is believed that when they were breaking the grave stones that they were hunting for treasure, which they supposed was buried in these old graves.

Hard by the graveyard are the picturesque ruins of St. Philip's Church. This church was built about the year 1740,

the brick being brought from England. The roof and floor have long since disappeared. Growing within its roofless walls are large trees, some even larger than those of the surrounding forest. The old walls, with these trees protruding above them, present a peculiar picture of desolation. In front are to be seen the old breastworks which were thrown up during the Civil War, now covered with briars, mosses, and bushes.

Not very far away may be found traces of an old ruin covered with a dense undergrowth. This is supposed to have been at one time the home of Governor Tryon. Near this spot have been found some fragments of blue Dutch tiling and a number of peculiarly shaped bottles. Some day perhaps, more will be found. Whatever is brought to light from these old ruins will be interesting if not valuable. The silence of the place is only broken by an occasional cry of the hooting owl, or by the noise of the merry little squirrels, or by the mournful cry of the whippoorwill, while in the distance, like a solemn undertone, may be heard the sound of the Atlantic Ocean as it beats upon the shore.

Mules and Obstinacy

Naomi Pool, '16, Adelphian

"Better not buy no mules, marster," advised Uncle Joe, as I prepared to go to the auction, at which a large number of horses and mules were to be sold.

"Why, Uncle Joe?" I asked.

"Ob cose, marster," he replied, "you can do as you pleases; but, if you takes dis nigger's 'vice, you won't never buy no mules."

"But why, Uncle Joe?" I questioned.

"Marster," he replied, "Dey is jes' so everlastin' stubbo'n. Some folkes say dat women is de mos' obstinate critters on earth but I jes say, dat dem folkes ain't had no 'sperience wid mules. Now, thar wuz old mule Bill, what you wuz lookin' at dis mornin'. He come nigh onto breakin' up a weddin' jes on 'count ob his hardheadedness."

"Tell me about it, Uncle Joe," I urged.

"Well," he began, "Not long after de big rain washed away de bridge ober de creek, las' summer' Lucindy Jane and Necktie Jim 'nounce dat dey gwine get mar'ied de fust ob July.

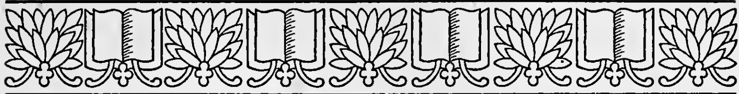
"Things wuz gwine to be did up in gran' style. De preacher wuz comin' from de city and folkses wuz gwine to decorate de chu'ch tother side de creek, fer de 'casion. Lucindy's cloes wuz de 'miration of de neighborhood. De special 'traction wuz her hat. 'Twas a straw one, big as a washtub, and trimmed in stuff dat looked jes' like green corn. When Lucindy wore dat hat, to a person off at a distance, hit looked jes' like a corn patch wavin in de air.

"Der day fur de weddin' wuz as bright and as purty as you could want. I wuz all dressed up an waitin', when my ole 'oman come in, an' say as how Lucindy's pa is mad, and dat I got to c'ar' de bride to de chu'ch an' gie 'er away. I sure wuz 'sprised, but I hitched up ole Bill to de cyart and, wid Lucindy an' my ole 'oman in de back, settin' in cheers, I druv off. Ole Bill went 'long right peart 'til we got haf way 'cross

de creek. Den he stopped and wouldn't budge nary inch. I fussed at 'im and I flattered 'im but he kep' a standin'. Den I tuck de whip and 'gun to beat 'im but hit jes' like hittin' a rock.

De folkses lef' de chu'ch an' line up on de bank to wait fer us. It 'peared like dey gwine to hatter keep on waitin' too, fur Ole Bill look like he 'p'ared to stan' dar till jedgment day. De crowd had all walked, so dere warn't no way to git us 'cross. Everybody 'gin to git res'less; Lucindy wuz gettin' narvous; Necktie Jim wuz walkin' de bank and from de sounds dat come from his 'rection, you would think dat he done lose all de 'ligion he eber laid claim to. I wuz gettin' riled up meself, fer de sun wuz brilin' hot, and de dinner wuz done laid out. Seem like dere warn't gwine be no weddin' jes' on 'count ob de stubbornness ob dat pesky mule.

"But de preacher he saved de day. Tu'nin' to de crowd, he sez, 'Ladies and genermens, hit may seem a leetle onunsual fer a couple to git mar'ied widout jinin' han's; but, in view of de presen' embar'assmen', I think dat I can manage it widout dat part ob de ceremony.' De crowd 'gin to look hopeful. Necktie Jim quit walkin' and went ober to de preacher. Lucindy sot up and straiten'd 'er hat. Den, wid Lucindy Jane in de cyart in de middle or de creek, and Necktie Jim close to de edge ob de water, de ceremony commenced. Jes' as de preacher 'nounce'em man an' wife, Lucindy's hat fel' in de water, and float rite in front ob de mule. Thinkin' hit wuz co'ne, ole Bill made a grab fer it an' furgettin' his stubbornness, car'ed us rite ober to de bridegroom. So de weddin' warn't broke up arter all."



Sketches

The First Trailing Arbutus

Margaret Harper, '16, Adelphian

There is no pleasure of the city dweller that can compare with the joy of finding, beside some sheltering root or overhanging bank, the pale pink, delicately scented flowers of trailing arbutus. All winter long, the stiff, evergreen leaves have been guarding the tender buds down next to the ground, waiting for the first warm day to call forth the starry flowers that give promise of coming summer.

I go out every spring, just as the first new leaves are coming on the oak trees and the robins are going north again, to a certain piece of rough, stony woods, where the arbutus lines the path on either side, and bring home baskets full of the blossoms; but none of the later trips can compare in delight with the one on which I find, nestled down among the dry leaves, the very first pale pink star.

Attractive as the delicate blossoms are in appearance, it is their fragrance that gives to them their greatest charm—a fragrance sweeter than that of any other flower, yet never heavy or cloying. It takes so strong a hold on the imagination, that by a whiff of it, one's mind is transported straight to the damp, sweet-smelling spring woods. It lingers in the memory along with the scent of wood smoke, and the smell of newly turned earth, to remind one on cold, dead winter days that somewhere there are tender clusters of arbutus buds waiting patiently under the frost and snow to break forth into whole constellations of stars at the first call of spring.

Our College Bell

Mildred White, '15, Adelphian

If one does not believe that a bell can arouse sensations both pleasing and otherwise, let that person come to the Nor-

mal and have all her actions directed for a few days by our college bell, and I feel sure that she cannot help having almost the same feeling toward the bell that she would toward a person. At least, that is how we to whom it speaks at all periods of the day come to regard it.

On a cold winter morning we are sleeping undisturbed by any thought of the day's work when suddenly we become dimly conscious of a disturbing, irritating clangor. At first it only arouses us enough to make us wish that the troublesome thing would stop. Presently, however, since the noise does not stop, but persistently forces itself on our ears we wake from our dreams to reality and find that the noise is the voice of "Prep" reminding us that it is only thirty minutes until breakfast. The window is down, the heat turned off, and a cold breeze is sweeping through the room. Fairly hating that bell we huddle up a little closer in our warm beds until it stops ringing and then we reluctantly crawl out.

We are only half through dressing when the bell rings out again. This time it says, "Breakfast is ready. Hurry! Hurry!" And hurry we do. It matters not how slow we are at other times, at this one time we become exceedingly active. Everybody hurries. Girls rush out of the rooms and go flying down the hall. Anything is better than reaching the door after that bell stops ringing, and somehow it seems as if that bell is just like a contrary person. It takes pleasure in stopping just when we have almost reached the dining-room and causes the door to be shut right in our faces.

How we do hate to hear that first period bell. It fills us with dread to think of the lessons it is commanding us to go and recite. We would like to disobey its command but our bell is a tyrant and we know that "poetry on Saturday" is the sure penalty for refusing to obey its orders.

The next time the bell rings, it brings with it a feeling of relief. Its voice this time is pleasant and grateful to our ears. We have a friendly feeling for it because it tells us that another morning's work is over and that the time for dinner is drawing near.

At four-twenty that talkative bell speaks again. This time

it says in a voice remarkably like Dr. Gove's "Young ladies you are expected to wrap up and walk for forty-five minutes. If you are well protected the cold will do you no harm." Some gladly, some rebelliously—we all obey the voice.

Thus the bell speaks to us day after day. No person unfamiliar with it would ever suppose that anything apparently so lifeless could cause the trouble and give the pleasure that it does; for no stranger could know how it is welcomed at times, nor how at other times it is blamed for all our shortcomings.

Walking Period

Fanny Burke Hunt, '15, Cornelian

Some people, I have heard, dislike "walking period!" To them the bell for the beginning of that period seems to ring *much* too early, and the bell for the close of the period entirely too late. I find it just the other way. The first bell *never* rings *soon* enough for me; the last *never late* enough. After having passed that part of the day from half past eight A. M. to half-past four P. M. in the classroom or in study I am joyful when, at last, the bell for walking period rings. The fact that we *must* observe this period is the most delightful, carefreeing thought in the world. Why, if we didn't "have to" walk, we could scarcely go out into that lovely park without a feeling that we were wasting a *whole period* enjoying life. But we *"have to";* so when the bell rings we can drop all our troubles—(on the shelves of the bookcase)—and rush into the great out-of-doors.

Now the whole scene changes; a curtain seems suddenly to rise. The world now spread out before us is flooded with sunshine. We have indeed stepped into another land—an enchanted land like those in fairy books. We hurry along a woodland road. The tufts of grass under foot are soft, and spring as we step. The trees all around seem to whisper excitedly among themselves, as if gossiping about something as we pass. The beech tree, that clings so long to its crisp, winter leaves, is the greatest gossip of all. The pine, with head above the rest, looks down with a kind of stately good-

humor, showing only with a low laugh that it hears the gossip that is traveling from tree to tree. A little bird somewhere has caught the spirit and sings for pure joy. But what *is* this gossip?

We hurry along, peering around every turn in the road to try to discover what it is. We round many curves, all the while burning with anticipation. At last, a sudden opening of the woodland brings us face to face with the lovely surprise. Stretched out before us are undulating fields of emerald green, over the highest point of which hangs a great red sun like an immense ruby. The fields sparkle under the long slanting rays of the great sun which slowly and silently moves nearer the sea of green, until,—the ruby and the emerald touch! The whole world is rapt in the enchantment of sunset. The woodland road has led us here to behold the great miracle of the passing of a day. We wait in rapt silence the disappearance of the last, long rays, around which the soft, rich hues of late evening gather. With those long rays the past goes; we cannot dream of the future; the present has eclipsed both. The enchantment of the evening holds us. But—alas!—through the still evening air a bell sounds. It has indeed rung too soon!

Peace

Amelie Adams, Cornelian

At some time in every person's life there comes a moment when an overpowering desire for peace of mind and soul dominates every other thought. This was my frame of mind at noon-tide one hot July day, as I stood on the pavement outside a mighty cathedral on one of the busiest streets of a large city. Over this street pass numberless vehicles,—automobiles, heavy drays, street cars, and carriages—all adding their noise to the clamor. The shriek of the siren whistle, the bray of the klaxton, the mellow note of the gabriel mingled with the bells of the cars and cries of the newsboys shrieking out all the joys and sorrows of humanity. People hurried past with care and sorrow stamped upon their faces. Oh for a

minute's peace from the strife of the world! Going up the broad stone steps and passing through the swinging doors, I entered the church. Here the far-off noises of the street became an indistinguishable roar. All was calm and still. High above could be seen the heavy beams of oak adorning the dome of the ceiling. Far away stretched the vista of seats to the altar whereon candles burned near stately lilies that lifted their white chalices as if to offer incense to the Creator who made their beauty. Through multicolored windows the sunlight fell, subdued and enriched to opaline tints. In this sanctuary the pain and sorrow of worldly stress was eased. The creases of the brain smoothed out and there was peace in my heart. I knelt for a moment to offer thanks for this balm for the soul. Softly wafted to me came the strains of the organ, as if in benediction, breathing "The Peace of God which passeth understanding."

After leaving this sanctuary of peace I went back to the struggle for existence. In the heat of the great city must the battle go on, but at the end of the day another joy awaited the weary heart and mind. Turning into a wide lawn, I passed up the steps to the house and hesitated for a moment in the broad, dim hall. The joys of the heart were there. Opening the door, I stood on the threshold. It was a large room, seemingly typifying sunlight and joy. The walls and hangings were of deepest cream with here and there a flash of gold. There were very few furnishings unless perhaps a tiny chair or two. But the floor was strewn with toys. In front of a window, with the setting sun shining full upon her, sat the mother. In her arms she held the youngest child while on the floor at her feet lay an older one listening with bright eyes slowly growing hazy with the dews of sleep. The mother was telling a wonderful story that mayhap concerned a giant and a fairy princess. The sun gave a last kiss to the group and sank, leaving the wonderful after-glow of twilight to surround this most beautiful of all pictures. Here I found peace again of a different kind and realized still more clearly the truth of that beautiful quotation "Stay, stay at home, my heart and rest; home keeping hearts are happiest."

The Doctor

Edith C. Haight, '15, Adelphian

In all the annals of that little village, scattered among the mountains, there had never been a summer like this one. The sun seemed to have singled this place for special spite. Fever had seized many. Five miles away, in a wretched cabin, a weary woman was tossing in burning restlessness. Again and again in pleading complaint, she asks for The Doctor. The Doctor has been up since sunrise paying his visits. All morning he has been going with the sun beating down on him fiercely. Many he has eased; many he has encouraged with his optimism; many he has cheered in his bluff, kindly manner. Everywhere faces have brightened at sight of him. Now, he has just come in, tired and hot, for dinner and a few moments' rest before starting out again. At that moment word from the woman over the mountain comes. "She wants you bad, Doctor." Without hesitation, The Doctor takes up his hat and goes out. The dinner remains untouched, the rest is deferred. Two hours later The Doctor is returning over the mountain. The woman is resting more quietly now—The Doctor has said she will get well.

* * * * * *

It is spring and time to plant the corn. Abe Baily is thinking of investing in more land in order to have a larger crop this year. There are two pieces of land, which Abe is unable to decide between. "Morning, Doctor, how's yer sick folks?" "Getting along pretty nicely, Abe. What kind of a corn crop are you going to have this year?" "Pretty good, I reckon, but I've been wantin' to ask you 'bout buying another piece o' land. There's Tim Riley's hill I kin have, or I can git Sam Sullivan's field he had potatoes in last year. What do you think, Doctor?" The Doctor gave his ready advice. That summer, Abe had a splendid corn crop on Tim Riley's hill.

September has come and Widow Timmons wants to send Johnny off "some'ers to git himself eddicated." She does not know where, but surely The Doctor must know. A special visit to The Doctor's results in all arrangements being con-

fidently turned over to him. Six years later Johnny is holding a good position in one of the big cities and Widow Timmons says, ''If The Doctor can't always keep folks from dying, he knows how to git 'em eddicated, anyhow.''

It is mid-winter. The snow is deep upon the ground. It is eleven o'clock, the moon is veiled and the wind is howling fiercely around the chimney. Way up on the mountainside, in a lonely cabin, a child lies moaning. A woman is crying in the corner. ''Go fer The Doctor, Jim! Go fer The Doctor!'' The man is pacing the floor. He speaks roughly, almost angrily: ''Don't be silly, Marthy! He wouldn't come if I was to go fer him. You know how mad he got when I killed Widow Lue's cow, and you know what he said when I slapped that kid o' his'n. We haint spoke since—and such a night as 'tis!'' The woman sobbed and the child tossed restlessly. The man continued to pace the floor. Finally, he put on his overcoat and hat and went out. ''I'm agoin',' he called back gruffly.

Would the Doctor come—toil up that snow-covered mountainside in the cutting wind for a man that he hates? Oh, yes, he would do it—he does do it and the child is made well. He does it because he is The Doctor. His service is not restricted to the body. His ministry is to the mind as well, and to the heart. He is the true priest, never scorning to do any service for one of his flock. Always interested in their welfare and the welfare of the community at large, he forgets personal feelings and becomes a servant to their wants. Simple, earnest, strong, tender, interested, loving, healing, and helping not only physically but spiritually—that is The Doctor!

On Mobile Bay

Amelie Adams, Cornelian

I would introduce you to Mobile Bay on a sparkling morning in early spring. The best view can be had in Monroe Park. Along the edge of the Bay, like a silver ribbon, runs the Old Bay Shell Road behind which stand the wonderful water oaks, with their bright green leaves, their black trunks

and limbs veiled with swaying grey moss. At this time of the year the white buildings are covered with clambering wistaria, whose blossoms hanging in purple clusters, make the air sweet with their fragrance. The paths are bordered by crimson rhododendron while in an uncultivated spot the wild azalia blooms, its waxen cups a lighter shade of rose. Just beyond the Shell Road the sparkling waves lap the sands. The sun is glinting on them so that they almost dazzle the eye. The water near at hand is of a deep blue, but out toward the channel it takes on a greenish tint until on reaching the Gulf it breaks into tumbling waves of sea-green. In the light of this summer morning, the shining naphtha launches seem to give off fire from their brass and nickle mountings. Sail boats glide by, close at hand, while in the distance toward the city can be discerned the larger proportions of a tramp steamer or passenger boat. Above all loom the outlines of the freighters and war-ships, the latter sending off brilliant flashes from polished guns. Who can describe the tiny white caps that gradually grow larger as we look toward the Gulf and the beauty of these waters to those who love them.

If the Bay is beautiful in sunlight, it is of surpassing loveliness under the moon. This time let us see it from the other side. Along this shore are the summer hotels and cottages. We have gone across in the afternoon on one of the daily boats and are now leaving the north wharf at Point Clear about eight o'clock. It is dark, as the moon has not yet risen. The contrast caused by the waters' inky blackness before moonrise only serves to bring out the beauty of its later molten gold. Now just before the moon appears, the water looks like a vast pool of ink, fathomless and mysterious. From the hotel come many lights, and as the anchor is pulled up and we cast off, with a rush of water before us, caused by the turning of the wheel, there comes to us the distant sound of music as the nightly dance begins. Presently this ceases and we pass silently through the night, hypnotized by the motion and spell of the water. In the east there is a small bank of clouds. The waves begin to grow larger with their white crests more in evidence. Now on the horizon can be seen the first rim of light above the clouds. This slowly

grows larger and as it grows, the Bay is turning into a brassy orange. With a bound the moon is up and across the water a point of fire is thrown out making a path of light over the rippling waters as if to surprise the many couples saying meaningless sweet things to each other under the spell of the summer night. Huge and round, with the sheen of copper, the smiling face looks down suffusing the whole expanse with its intoxicating light.

As we near the shore we can see the myriad lights of Monroe Park and the city, reflected in the water. The ferris-wheel, toboggan, and the playhouse all aglow with lights, look to our moon-benumbed senses, like fairyland. Who can describe the magic spell of moonlight on any water, but on this "fairest spot of all" it is indeed enchantment.

When the Shadows Fall

Sallie Lovill, Cornelian

The nurse turned from the bedside, and the man caught the words, "Softly now the light of day fades upon my sight away." A faint smile of resignation rested on his lips, and a wonderful deep light shone in the soft hazel eyes. He turned his face and looked out the west window of the spotlessly white room, over the dark buildings toward the spot where he had worked for so long. In imagination he lived far out on the plains, again in camp with his comrades. Countless acres of uncultivated, uninhabited land surrounded him—land marked here and there by sand hills, by spots of cactus and sage brush and shimmering baby brooks, the one thing that truly seemed alive. These and the warm blue of the sky, sometimes just a mass of blue, sometimes enhanced by snowy, fairy like clouds, had greeted him when he first began the great task of building a railroad across the plain. How he had planned and worked, almost ceaselessly, for four years, and how he loved it! It was not yet finished, but his part was done. He would go back no more.

The town clock struck five. He heard it—perhaps another hour—the doctor said he might live that long, but perhaps—

He watched the sun drop slowly, to be enveloped in a heap of gold and purple. Now it was gone, but it had left a flood of brilliancy behind it. Darkness would soon follow, and rest—yes rest, and he was so tired!

The weak fingers clasped the picture a little tighter, and he looked once more into the face—a face unsurpassably sweet, eyes that told him all she could have said had she been there. It was she, his little mother, he hated to leave most of all. If he could live again the last night on the farm! If he could but sit on the steps with her, entranced by the harmonious music of the twilight hour. The tinkling jingle of chains, the sound of hoofs, the almost suppressed chuckle of content from the chickens housed for the night, the voices of the men in the distance echoed back by the hills, and the occasional lowing of cows, all blended together so softly, so harmoniously, that the boy—a man now—had never detected a discord.

Now in the stillness he heard his mother's voice calling tenderly to him. He felt the pressure of her hand. How sweet and gentle she was, and how dear to his heart. No one had ever come to take her place, and no one ever would. In a few days he would be back at the old home. She would see him, but he would be—. The brightness of peace lighted his face, and twilight deepened into darkness.

Twilight

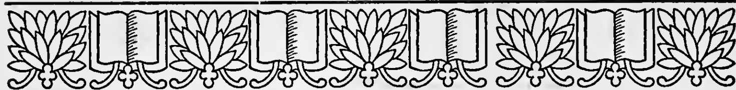
Edith C. Haight, '15, Adelphian

When the golden glow has faded from the western sky, and the pinkish purple tints have vanished from the fleecy clouds; when semi-shadows creep around and the whippoorwills begin to call, the old earth seems to pause a while in its turning—to reflect a moment before it shifts us on into the night. People, too, observe this lapse in the eternal routine of day and night. Nature and humanity pause together in tacit understanding amid the twilight shadows. The noise and tumult of the street becomes an indistinct murmur. And in the hush there comes a peace—a peace which brings with

it an infinite longing. The soul seems to be seeking to identify itself with something above and beyond it. The little spark of infinitude which is in the heart of every man speaks. There is a subtle atmosphere, permeating everything which seems closely allied with the atmosphere which surrounds a perfect friendship. The faith, the confiding trust, the heroism is there. Slowly, silently the shadows lengthen, the subdued light passes away into darkness, the finer feelings follow the shadows, and twilight is gone!

The Fall of Night

The weary sun goes slowly to his rest
  And leaves behind a trail of colors bright;
A tiny star appears far in the west
  And onward creep the shadows of the night.
A brooding silence the very air doth fill,
  Broken only by the murmuring breeze,
And the birds' drowsy melodies do still
  Mingle with the rustling of the trees.
The azure of the sky becomes a darker blue
  Bespangled with a host of stars so bright;
Then from behind a bank of clouds bursts thro'
  A golden flood of shimmering moonlight.
Calm, holy peace; He watches over all,
  And in His loving care, no harm will us befall.



State Normal Magazine

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ANOTHER VIEW

The Normal ideal seems to me to be embodied in its motto, "Service"; our college purposes to make its graduates of service to their community. Therefore it seems strange to me that so many Normal girls are bitterly opposed to woman suffrage. The ballot is the one direct, open means to express our will in regard to the way we desire to be governed; further, it is the strongest possible instrument we could have to use in serving humanity. It is a right that it is a duty to exercise. So men have always regarded it and have fought to assume this responsibility that some women shrink from. Now, just as long as even a minority of women affirm that they do not want the ballot, they prevent the women that do desire it from obtaining it, for men seize the slightest excuse to keep the ballot exclusively for themselves. Therefore, a woman should

be very sure of her position before she declares herself against woman suffrage. Most of the girls at the Normal are against it, I'm afraid, chiefly because "papa thinks" or "mamma says". It would be foolish as well as useless to attempt to convince those girls here. But let them read the magazines of the day with an open mind; even if they are not converted to the side of equal suffrage, they will at least gain the ability to argue intelligently about it. But remember to have your magazines well balanced. An exclusive reading of The Ladies' Home Journal would scarcely convince even the most open minded of the justice of the suffragists' demands. The Metropolitan, The Delineator and McClure's, to mention only a few, champion the other side. An unprejudiced reading of a single one of Jane Addams' articles would make anyone see that, while woman's sphere is still the home, her home is now her city, her state, her country.

A. J. S., '15, Adelphian.

AN APPRECIATIVE LISTENER

I wonder if very many of us realize that it is an art to be a good listener and that it takes training in order to cultivate the art of being a good listener. We are, as a rule, very deficient in this respect at our college. We have very good musical performances; we have members of our faculty, who are artists, and we also have good performances from outside sources. The question that presents itself to us is: do we get the proper educational value from the good music that we hear, do we understand it, do we appreciate it, do we feel it? Now it is impossible to appreciate music unless we understand it. Understanding forms the basis for our appreciation, and our feeling. Appreciation is the natural outgrowth of understanding. Why not get some knowledge of how to appreciate good music while at college, along with the getting of much other knowledge that will not mean nearly so much to us as this will. Let us educate ourselves so that we will be able to understand the really great masterpieces. Let us learn how to discriminate, to separate the good from the false, and to learn when to applaud a performance by learning what is

really good. This will never come by giving simply a passive attention; if we wish to cultivate this art we must exert ourselves. We must become so interested that when we see a program, for a coming concert we will learn something about the different numbers before we attend the concert. Let us not leave this out of our college course; let us not feel satisfied to go away from the college without the power to understand, appreciate, and enjoy good music.

M. E. G., '13, Adelphian.

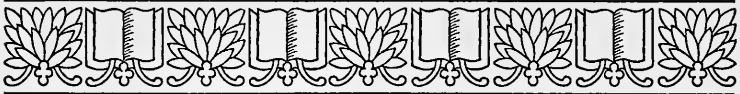
INCIDENTAL INFORMATION

The question of how to help the new girls to an understanding of the little details of our college life necessary for them to know is, to my mind, a yet unsolved one. It has always been the custom to do this by calling a mass meeting in which several of the old students make little speeches about some of the particular misdemeanors, the throwing of trash on the campus, being a favorite topic. The "new" girls (I speak from personal experience as well as from that of others) are glad of the information about these things, but they feel from the manner in which the information is given, as though they have been reprimanded for an unconscious wrong. Without doubt this feeling has a detrimental effect upon their subsequent conduct. That the matter be presented in a different way is imperative. The "new" girls come here in an eager, expectant, yet hesitant frame of mind, filled with budding enthusiasm and high resolves. They are willing to do exactly as they are told. Just here is the point—they are not told in a definite nor a tactful way, the little things, and it is those which meet them first. In about two weeks, more or less, a sufficient length of time for the openly receptive and eagerly grasping state of mind to be passed, the above mentioned meeting is held. The lack of the desired result will be readily apparent. How much better and more effective it would be, could the "new" girls become acquainted with our unwritten laws in the hour of their first need, the time when their bewildered minds are burning with a thousand timid unspoken questions. How much better and more effective

it would be, could they receive their needed information without the accompanying air of patronizing consideration and without the awful presence of four hundred students wise from former experience! There are numbers of ways in which this might be done. A little card of "incidental information" tacked on the room door of every "new" student (it would not be amiss with many of the old students), which she may read and absorb at will, would serve the purpose well. Would they read them? Let me ask, Would a man beginning a journey through a "Mystic Maze" read the directions about the turnings? The conception of this subject is not merely an idea drawn from idle musing. It is brought about by an actual condition in the college which, if remedied, will play a part of untold importance as regards future advancement and betterment. The matter deserves careful attention. Let us consider! *E. C. H., '15, Adelphian.*

SUNDAY STUDYING

It would not be an exaggerated statement for me to say that two-thirds of my college friends study on Sunday. This is partly due to waste of time on Saturday. A great many students take Saturday solely as a day of recreation, putting off all studying until Saturday night. Then they find themselves entirely too tired from unusual exercise, to study. When Sunday comes the idea dawns on them that it would be better to study on Sunday than to fail, and so Sunday afternoon is spent in preparing Monday's lessons. Another cause of so much Sunday studying is that a majority of us do a great many things on Sunday that are as far from being Sunday duties as studying and so we begin to wonder if it is any more harm to study than to do these other things. We will admit that some of the things which are done, such as making candy and washing hair, are wrong, but they only occur occasionally, and too they do not take up the entire afternoon as studying usually does. Since studying does monopolize the entire time, no time is left for Bible study or self study. This practice of so much Sunday studying must be stopped if our college is to stand for what it should in the upbuilding of character. *N. E., '15, Cornelian.*



Young Women's Christian Association Notes

Gertrude Griffin, '13, Adelphian

The vesper service for Sunday, January 26th, was led by Miss Coit, who read letters from China and Korea. Miss Jamison sang ''Beautiful Isle of Somewhere''. The vesper service for Sunday, February 2nd, was in charge of the faculty. Miss Lee presided over the meeting and gave the call to worship. Mr. Matheson gave us a talk that was a help and inspiration to all. The special music was beautiful. On Sunday, February 9th, Mr. McAlister conducted the vesper service. He talked on ''The Church and the Twentieth Century''. Miss Florence Cain, of the city association, sang a solo. On Sunday, February 16th, Mr. Brown gave a talk at our vesper service on ''Hymnology'', which was both interesting and instructive. Miss Severson sang ''Just for Today''. The vesper service for Sunday, February 23rd, a missionary meeting, was in charge of the Student Volunteer Convention.

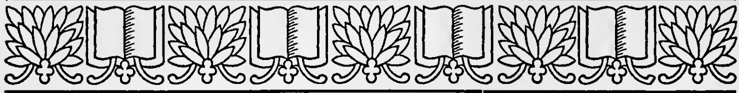
The Wednesday evening service for January 29th was led by Lucy Culpepper, who talked on ''Success Worth and not Worth While''. The Wednesday evening service for February 5th was in charge of the student volunteers of our college. Hazel Black talked on ''What the Volunteer Band Is''. Sidney Dowty told us of ''The Meaning of the Card''. Florence Hughes told of ''The Convention in Raleigh'', and Annie Scott of ''The Convention to be Here''. On February 12th, the service was in charge of the Senior Class. Verta Idol presided over the meeting. Gretchen Taylor read the Bible and lead in prayer. Kathrine Robinson talked on ''The Little Things''. Sadie Rice sang a solo. The Wednesday evening service for February 19th was in charge of the Junior Class. Ruth Gunter presided over the meeting. The topic was the State Council at Lenoir. Maude Bunn told of the committee conferences; Jeannette Musgrove, of the social side; and Eleanor Morgan, of the addresses. On February 26th, the Wednesday evening service was in charge of the Sophomores. The subject was, ''Four Challenges to Womanhood''. Mary Worth presided over the meeting. Mazie Kirkpatrick gave the first challenge, which was to woman as a teacher; Jessie Gainey gave the challenge to woman as a homemaker; Edith Haight told of the duty of woman as a citizen, and Julia Bryan as a neighbor. Florence Hughes led in prayer. Special music was furnished by a quartette.

The morning watch services for the week of January 27th took up the prayer cycle, prayers being made for Meredith, Statesville College, A. and

M., Guilford, Trinity, University, and Normal The music committee of the Association took charge of the morning watch services for the week of February 3rd. They took up ''Our Lives as Harmonies'', ''Our Lives as Discord'', and ''Singing from the Heart''. The subject for the morning watch services for February 10th and the following week was ''Quiet Talks on Prayer''. The morning watch services for the week of February 17th took up the subject of ''Stewardship''. The morning watch services for the week of February 24th took up ''Giving''.

Miss Powell, the Student Secretary for the preparatory schools of the South Atlantic Field Committee, was a guest at the college during the Student Volunteer Conference. As a result of the Student Volunteer Conference, 104 girls have signed for mission classes. Five Classes and several reading circles have already been formed.

It is encouraging to know that all the calendars purchased by the Association have been sold.



Society Notes

With the Adelphians

Mildred Rankin, '13, Adelphian

The literary exercises of the Adelphian Society prepared for the evening of February 7th, consisted of a musical program. The following selections were very much enjoyed:

Tempo de Valse (Nevin), Helen Hunt; A Little Thief (Leo Stern), Elizabeth McCraw; Highland Laddie (Morey), Kate Jones; Sonata in D, first movement (Clementi), Ruth Gaither; Because I Love You (W. H. Staunton), Catherine Lapsley; Novellette, E major (Schumann), Alleine Minor. Miss Washburn and Ione Grogan, to the delight of the society, recited several selections.

There was no literary program on the evening of February 21st, because of the meeting of the student volunteers.

With the Cornelians

Verta Louise Idol, '13, Cornelian

On February 7th, the new girls of the Cornelian Society gave a comedy, ''Mr. Bob''. The play was thoroughly enjoyed by all, and the parts, which were well taken, were as follows:

Mr. Bob .... Esther Mitchell
Katherine .... Tempe Boddie
Miss Becky .... Pearl Hildebrand
Mr. Philip .... Estelle Dillon
Mr. Brown .... Janie Ipock
Pattie (the maid) .... Helena Weill
Jenkyns (the butler) .... Katherine White

The literary program for February 21st consisted of a debate, the query of which was, ''Resolved, that the labor unions as they exist today are not beneficial''. The affirmative was upheld by Maud Bunn, Pattie Groves, and Willie May Stratford. The speakers on the negative were Mary Worth, Jessie Gainey, and Ethel Thomas. The decision was in favor of the affirmative.

Among Ourselves

Lillian Gorham Crisp, '13, Adelphian

On the evening of February 6th, the class of 1913 celebrated the birthday of its tree by exercises held near the entrance of Peabody Park. The first announcement to the assembled spectators of the coming of the Seniors was the strains of the 1913 tree song, coming from far down in the park. Soon the girls, dressed as fairies, came tripping in, with Ethel Bollinger, their queen, at the head of the line. The first feature of the entertainment was a dance by twelve of these girls. Then the other members of the class came forward one by one and told in verse the history of 1913. After all the class secrets had been divulged, the dance was repeated. It formed a beautiful close to the tree day celebration.

During the month of February there were three student recitals. These were given on the afternoons of the 6th, the 19th, and the 26th. At each recital an interesting and attractive program was well rendered.

Under the auspices of the class of 1913, the University of North Carolina Glee Club gave a concert in the auditorium of the Students' Building on the night of February 8th. The large audience thoroughly enjoyed the program. After the concert the Seniors gave an informal reception to the members of the Glee Club and their friends.

At 4:30 on the afternoon of the 13th of February, Miss Mary B. Owen, of Pasias, N. J., gave a demonstration of rapid typewriting before the students. Miss Owen holds the world's amateur championship for this work, and so was watched with great interest.

We have been very fortunate in our special chapel music this month. Its character has been such as to give us pleasure, and at the same time increase our appreciation of the really good. On February 7th Mr. Brown and Alleine Minor played in duet form Grieg's ''Peer Gynt Suite'', comprising the numbers ''Morning'', ''Asa's Death'', ''Anitra's Dance'', and ''In the Hall of the Mountain King''. The next week, Mr. Brockmann, violin, and Miss Abbott, piano, furnished the music. On the 21st of February Miss Severson sang ''The Lorelei'', by Liszt.

On February 20th four members of the Educational Committee of the Legislature visited the Normal, Mr. J. A. Turner and Mr. W. T.

Woodley, from the Senate; Dr. B. T. Cox and Mr. A. A. F. Seawell, from the House. During the afternoon they were shown over all the buildings and the grounds by Dr. Foust. The students from their respective counties entertained them at dinner in the regular dining-room. In the evening the Senior Class presented in their honor a play, and at its close tendered an informal reception to the legislators and visitors from town. The play, which seemed to be especially enjoyed, was Dickens' ''Our Mutual Friend'', as dramatized by Miss Harriette R. Shattuck. The cast of characters was as follows:

John Rokesmith (Our Mutual Friend) .... Margaret Mann
R. Wilfer (Cherubic Pa) .... Mary Tennent
Mr. Boffin (The Golden Dustman) .... Corinna Mial
George Sampson (The Friend of the Family) .... Meriel Groves
Bella Wilfer (The Lovely Woman) .... Sadie Rice
Mrs. Wilfer (Majestic Ma) .... Florence Jeffress
Lavinia Wilfer (The Irrepressible Lavvy) .... Rena Gudger
Mrs. Boffin (A dear, a dear, the best of dears) .... Lura Brogden

A branch of the Consumers' League has recently been organized in our college. Its officers are: Eunice Sinclair, president; Florence Mitchell vice-president; Ruth Johnston, secretary; Jessie Gainey, treasurer. The Bird Club has been reorganized, and hopes to be ready for real study by the time the songsters return to this clime.

On the night of February 26th the Freshmen adopted their class tree. It is planted on the stretch of campus between the new dormitory and Walker Avenue. Although the other students were not present at the exercises of adoption, of course, they did see the colonial costumes of the Freshmen, and enjoyed the class songs.

The Annual Conference of the North Carolina Student Volunteer Union was held at the State Normal College, February 21st, 22nd, 23rd. Sixty delegates from the leading schools and colleges were in attendance, in addition to the students and citizens of Greensboro. The following speakers were present: Dr. R. W. Patton, of the Episcopal Mission Board; Dr. E. H. Rawlings, of the Laymen's Missionary Movement; Mr. C. G. Hounshell, of the Student Volunteer Movement; Dr. E. C. Cronk, of Columbia, S. C.; Dr. S. T. Bryan, of China; Mr. T. B. Padgett, of the Laymen's Missionary Movement; Dr. Melton Clark, of Greensboro; Mr. E. P. Hall, of Chapel Hill; Miss Mary D. Powell, of Charlotte.

The conference opened Friday night with addresses of welcome by Miss Coit, of the State Normal faculty, and Miss Scott, of the State Normal Volunteer Band. The President of the Conference, Mr. Henry J. Langston, of Wake Forest College, made the response to these addresses. At this session Dr. R. W. Patton preached a very strong mission sermon on ''Lift Up Your Eyes'', the substance of which the following quotation gives: ''Jesus Christ is the explanation of America; lift

up your eyes and see what God means to the world.'' Dr. E. H. Rawlings also gave a stirring address on ''The Challenge of the Hour''.

At the closed meeting at 9:30 on Saturday morning, Miss Mary Powell conducted the devotional exercises, and Mr. Hounshell gave a talk on missionary literature. At 11:10 the platform address, to which the public was invited, was delivered by Dr. R. W. Patton, whose subject was, ''Prayer and Missions''. This address was characterized by intensity of earnestness, breadth of thought, and great simplicity.

The afternoon session of the Convention was a business meeting, at which the following officers were elected: President, Henry J. Langston, Wake Forest College; vice-president, Annie Scott, State Normal College; secretary and treasurer, F. W. Price, Davidson College; assistant secretary, Eunice Benton, Meredith College.

Dr. Cronk then gave interesting addresses on systematic giving and mission study. Mr. E. P. Hall, of the University of North Carolina, talked on mission study. Dr. Bryan gave a definition of deputation work; Mr. Padgett brought a message from the Laymen's Missionary Movement. Dr. Bryan closed the meeting with a talk on learning the Chinese language.

At the evening services the devotional exercises were conducted by Mr. Hall; the special music was rendered by Miss Beard, of Peace Institute, Raleigh. The addresses of the evening were, ''The Proofs of the Prophecy'', by Dr. S. T. Bryan, and ''The Call to the Mission Field'', by Mr. C. G. Hounshell.

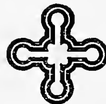
The Sunday services began with a morning watch meeting, led by Miss Powell and Mr. Hounshell. At the afternoon session eight of the delegates gave their reasons for going to the foreign field. Dr. Cronk delivered an address on ''The Call to Service''; Dr. Melton Clark spoke on the ''Livingstone Centenary''. The evening service was a fitting climax to the Conference. Special devotional features were a solo by Miss Severson, of the Normal faculty, a trio by Misses Adams, McCraw, and Moore, of the Normal student body, and a short talk on ''The Cry of the Needy'', by Mr. Hall. Mr. Bryan gave an address on ''The Needs of the Field''. Mr. Langston, the re-elected president, gave a short talk, and Mr. Hounshell delivered the closing address. The last forty-five minutes of the meeting were given over to personal expressions of the benefit derived from the Convention. After the congregation sang, ''Blest Be The Tie That Binds'', Mr. C. G. Hounshell, of Korea, offered the closing prayer of the Convention.

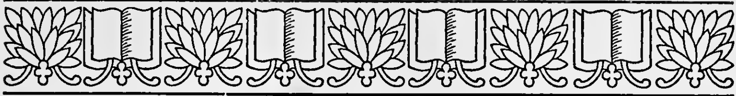
By a petition last fall, the Class of 1913 secured the placing of February 22nd in the college calendar as a holiday. It was further agreed that the Senior Class should provide some form of exercises in celebration of the day. This year the date fell on the Saturday on which the State Volunteer Convention was in session here; so of course, nothing could be done then. On Monday, the 24th, however, all fifth period classes were omitted, while the student body assembled in the chapel to hear, as had been planned, an address by Mr. George Connor,

Speaker of the House. He being unavoidably detained, Mrs. Sharpe and Mr. Smith very kindly came to the rescue of the Senior Class, and gave all a very enjoyable hour. Verta Idol, president of the Class of 1913, was in charge of the meeting. She read the same psalm which was read at the signing of the Declaration of Independence. Mrs. Sharpe recited ''My Sweet Pea'', a story connected with Washington's Crossing the Delaware. Mr. Smith read Charles Phillips's Dinas Island Oration on Washington, and gave a short talk on some interesting but not widely known stories of the great man. The singing of appropriate hymns made the occasion more fittingly observed.

On Monday evening the Senior Class gave a colonial reception to the members of the faculty. The lower floor of the Students' Building was appropriately decorated for this festivity. The tall candles shed light over many ''fair women and brave men'' attired in the styles of our great-grandfathers. Before the evening was over, a veritable spirit of fun seemed to descend upon the entire assemblage and made all join in the grand march that came just before the guests departed. Refreshments of cream and cake and coffee were served. Both guests and hostesses counted the evening a very pleasant one.

On Thursday evening, February 27th, the seventh recital of the Artist and Faculty Series was given by Mr. Reed Miller, tenor, Mr. Frank Croxton, bass, and Mr. John Rebarer, accompanist. The audience was large and very enthusiastic.





Exchanges

Lila Melvin, '14, Adelphian

In getting out a college magazine two objects must be kept in mind. Perhaps the more important of these is to please the readers of the magazine. Then, following close upon this, should be the aim to publish the best literary work the college can produce. In the past, most of the writers of our land have made their beginnings in the literary world in the pages of the college magazines. Many more will follow in their footsteps. As long as this is true, the college magazine should not be content to publish short, catchy sketches alone, but should require the best short stories and essays procurable.

It seems that the chief fault of the Western Maryland College Monthly is in its poor arrangement. Would it not be much better to begin each new article on a separate page, and thus give the magazine a neat appearance? It now presents a crowded effect. The articles are lengthy enough to deserve the name of stories, but the present arrangement makes them appear as sketches.

The stories in The Mercerian, ''Greater Love Hath No Man Than This'', ''Life's Little Ironies'', and ''The Unpardonable Sin'', are lacking in higher ideals. Perhaps they may be true to some life, but even if they are, it should be the purpose of a college magazine to hold up higher standards of living. The characters in these stories present a very pessimistic view of life. In each case a final decision is made for the worst. Is this the study in human nature which the college magazine should present to its readers? ''The Face Among the Flowers'' is just the opposite of these three. The essays come up to the usual standard of excellency required of a college magazine.

Essays predominate in The Davidson Magazine this month. ''The Trend of Education'' is a strong plea for classical education. However, many statements made by the author are questionable. There is something in the story, ''The Chimney Sweep'', which appeals to the reader more than the usual college magazine story.

The Red and White for this month has an unusually large number of stories, with its usual number of good essays.

The Chimes has a very appropriate and attractive cover. It is well illustrated throughout. The sketches and departments are very good. The magazine might be improved by more original poetry.

In Lighter Vein

Sarah Perrin Shuford

A Normal girl—may her troubles cease—
Awoke one morn from a deep dream of peace,
And saw by the sunlight in her room,
Making her tremble for the last bell's boom,
A clock that showed her usual doom.
And to her roommate fair she said, "Where goest thou?"
Her roommate raised her head, "To breakfast dear, art
thou?"
The girl spoke more low, but cheerily, mayhap,
"Then write me down as one who loved her morning nap."

E. C. A. '15, Adelphian.

Dr. Gudger (in Junior Biology): "What is the ancestor of the frog?"
Miss M.: "The tadpole."

A member of the faculty, while planning her costume for the colonial reception, expressed a wish for some curls. E. H., attempting to comfort her for the lack, exclaimed, "Oh, I think your hair looks colonial all the time."

M. P.: "What is a harelip?"
E. A.: "It's a lip with a small moustache on it, I suppose."

Prof. Brander Matthews, said the other day in New York:

"The past participle, 'gotten', has gone out in England; however, 'gotten' is almost as obsolete as 'putten'. In some parts of Cumberland the villagers still use 'gotten' and 'putten', and a teacher once told me of a lesson on these past participles wherein she gave her pupils an exercise to write on the blackboard. In the midst of the exercise an urchin began to laugh. She asked him why he was laughing, and he answered: "Joe's put putten where he should have putten put."

Senator Taylor, of Tennessee, said the finest example he knew of the ante-bellum negro's use of the English language was the remark made by an old negro whose worthless son was married secretly. The old man heard of it, and asked the boy if he was married.

"I ain't saying I ain't," the boy replied.

"Now you, Rastus," stormed the old man, "I ain't askin' you is you ain't; I is askin' you ain't you is!"

L. W., in great excitement, announced to her roommate, "Oh, did you know that they've taken one of the maids to the hospital? I saw them bring her away from the infirmary in an *avalanche.*"

Aunt Mandy wants to know whether Miss Miller is the only Y. W. C. A. *sucetary* in school.

Hello! Is that the Normal?
I am the U. S. Man
Who brings your mails
And never fails
To work for Uncle Sam.

But, sad to say, a tragedy
Has caused me greatest pain,
This afternoon I can't come out
To take the mail along my route
Because—it looks like rain!

A. A., Cornelian.

Reflections of a Little Goalman

I fear thy long arms, gentle guard.
Thou needest not fear mine.
My arms are all too short and slim,
Ever to trouble thine.
I fear thy speed, thy weight, elbows,
Thou needest not fear me.
I never weighed but ninety-four,
And stand but five feet three.

"Dress, dress, dress,
In thy raiment white, O maid,"
And I would that my tongue could utter
My thoughts when this was said.

Fall, fall, fall,
In thy torrents drear, O rain!
And I pray that the sun may shine
When the lawmakers come again.

M. C., '15, Adelphian.
E. C. A., '15, Adelphian.

Diploma dear, my cherished hope,
When shall you come to me?
When shall I cease to groan and mope
And drown my cares in thee?
Oh! happy aim of all our toil!
Oh! labor's sweet reward!
We hie ourselves to foreign soil,
And naught to us seems hard.

E. C. A., '15, Adelphian.
M. C., '15, Adelphian.

The melancholy days have come,
  The saddest of the year,
When cards to visit Doctor Foust
  Now daily do appear.
Though we've been good for six long months,
  Our sins *will* find us out.
And our New Year resolutions have
  Gone right up the spout.
Now, just a word to put you wise,
  If you would stay in school.
Steal, murder, rob—do any crime,
  But, oh! don't break a rule.

A. A., Cornelian.

Casual Notice

"Did you notice that woman who just passed?" inquired he.

"The one," responded she, "with the gray hat, the white feather, the red velvet roses, the mauve jacket, the black skirt, the mink furs and the lavender spats?"

"Yes."

"Not particularly."—*Pittsburgh Post.*

Not in Touch With the People

J. Caesar was a man of might,
  'Twas he divided Gaul;
He put barbarian hordes to flight
  And framed up Pompey's fall;
All other Romans he outclassed,
  For he was born to rule,
But no man ever where he passed,
  Yelled at him: "Ah, there, Jule!"

Napoleon was a wonder, too,
  Kings trembled at his frown;
He brought an era that was new
  And tore tradition down;
His armies put his foes to rout
  In many a fearful scrap,
But no man ever dared to shout
  At him: "How goes it, Nap?"

George Washington was good and great,
  His grandeur was sublime;
He was the man the struggling state
  Most needed at the time;
His glory never will grow dim,
  We praise the thing he did,

But no man ever yelled at him:
''You betcher all right, kid.''
—The Chicago Record-Herald.

Her hair—spun gold, like star dust thickly spread,
Her lips—a cupid's bow of cherry-red,
Her skin—of ivory with a blush of rose seen through,
Her eyes—the blue of heaven, so sweet and true.

She speaks. I listen eagerly,
Some music surely follows;
And this is what is borne to me:
''Dad, give me just ten dollars.''
A. A., Cornelian.